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—BY—

W. C. SMITH.

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W. C. SMITH.

Short correspondence on subjects of interest to the public is solicited; but persons must not be disappointed if they fail to see their articles in our columns. We are not responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

Temperance.

The temperance and prohibition sentiment seems to be growing more and more popular with our people. In Raleigh, where they have witnessed the great benefits of prohibition, they are delighted with it, and numbers who have voted against it heretofore on prejudice, declare their intention to ever encourage and support prohibition after this. The same sentiment is expressed in Concord. While it is admitted that whiskey is bought and sold in these towns, it is understood to be by the same parties principally who, when the bar-rooms were open there, carried their jugs home. The great evil was the open, tempting bars, and the greatest sufferers were the poor fellows who were decoyed in on their way home, but who will never dream of bothering after the expensive jug, and who will thus save their hard earned pennies and respect themselves and families. Prohibition is a decided success in the above towns, and the colored people are receiving the greatest benefits from it. The law once properly put in force in this city, though it might prove a little embarrassing to business at first, would be of the greatest benefit to the poor people—especially the colored people.

Oh, Ye Independents.

This is why we feared Chas. R. Deal, Johnson, and the whole kit o' em. Chas. R. admits here that we were right. Read him in last Saturday's Observer. The Observer has already announced upon its own authority, from its personal knowledge of Hon. James W. Long, that he would be found acting with the simon-pure Democrats in the Legislature, and that he could be safely counted upon as a Democratic member. We were correct. In this week's issue of the Concord Register, Col. Long publishes a card, in which he makes this announcement: 'Although I have been elected as an Independent, I wish to announce through the columns of your paper that I am still, as I always have been, a Democrat of the Andrew Jackson school, that I intend to act with the Democratic party in the Legislature, and that I expect to enter the Democratic caucus and be guided by its policy and decisions.'

Our Schools.

The schools of Asheville are alive and at work. As a result of a canvass in the city, the Western Union Institute has enrolled 200 pupils, having daily attendance of about 70. The City Public School has enrolled 157 pupils, the average attendance being about 100. Zion Normal School has an enrollment of 136 pupils, with a fine average attendance. The turn that this city has taken within the past few months on the subject of education among our people, is surely a most sudden, sharp and encouraging one. As Asheville is the distributing point for the West in other things, so it is destined to be in the matter of education; for the colored people, at least, if not for the whites. If things go on at the present rate (and we may reasonably expect our institutions to keep pace with the growth of the city,) Asheville will yet have for our people one or two of the best schools in the State.—Gleaner.

Magic Lantern Professors.

In our absence last week an article with the above heading found its way into our columns. We regret the appearance of the article, as we do not endorse the manner in which the expressions were made. There are some good panoramas by good men with good intentions. The article referred to got into our paper without our knowledge or consent, while we were absent. It is not our object to offend persons who come in our midst seeking an honest living, especially those who instruct and benefit the public; and if any have been offended, we hope they will accept this as an apology from us.

The Good Templars.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars convened in Concord last Tuesday evening, and was called to order by Mr. Geo. C. Scurlock, of Fayetteville. A short session, in which degrees were conferred, was held, and the Lodge adjourned to meet Wednesday morning.

The Lodge assembled Wednesday morning with G. C. Scurlock in the chair.

The question of union between the American and British Grand Lodges was discussed, and while there was a manifest disposition to favor union, the Lodge was pronounced in its allegiance to the British Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

The business was despatched harmoniously, and the new officers were installed.

A public meeting was held in the Court House on Wednesday night, at which speeches were made by Messrs. W. E. Henderson, J. C. Dancy, John Holloway, and G. C. Scurlock.

The session was very harmonious and interesting throughout.

The outlook for the temperance cause is very good, and the workers in this order are much encouraged. It is hoped that Good Templar lodges will be organized throughout the State, and that each lodge will form a juvenile temple to instill in the youth the principles of temperance.

Prof J. C. Price spoke in the Court House on Thursday night.

The Grand Lodge adjourned to meet in Wilmington next November.

The following are the officers elected:

G W C T—G C Scurlock, Fayetteville.

Grand Councillor—John Holloway, Wilmington.

G W V T—Mrs Catherine Holloway, Wilmington.

G W S—W E Henderson, Salisbury.

G W T—W C Coleman, Concord.

G W C—F R Howell, Concord.

G W M—S P Foster, Shelby.

G W G—Miss Mary Harris.

Grand Sentinel—Henry Suratt.

Asst Sec'y—Miss S B Lord, Salisbury.

D G M—Miss Emma Kesler.

Delegate to Right Worthy Grand Lodge at Saratoga next May—G C Scurlock.

Scotia Seminary.

It was the pleasure of the editor of this paper to take tea with the teachers of Scotia Seminary on last Wednesday evening. We were highly pleased with the polite and courteous reception extended us by the faculty. There are five of the teachers colored, as well as the assistant matron, and all are former students of this institution. Miss S J Johnson is acting matron; Mrs. Dart, Misses M L Chresfield, Lilla Reese, Phillis Bomer, and Kittie McNeill are the teachers. All are well pleased with Dr. Satterfield, though he has not assumed charge, Mr and Mrs Dorland remaining still. Though not so full as usual at this time, there is a goodly number in, and they are coming in almost daily. A new building has been erected, to serve as a sewing-room and aid in the accommodation of the girls. Scotia is one of the best schools in the South.

The Vote in This District.

So far, we have seen no official statement of the vote for Congress, in this, the 6th District, but the Wilmington Star gives the following, as Col. Rowland's majorities: Rowland's majority was 1,111 in Anson; 428 in Cabarrus; 1,025 in Columbus; 221 in Mecklenburg; 743 in New Hanover; 817 in Richmond; 450 in Stanly; 424 in Union; 1,400 in Robeson. Col. Jones carried Brunswick county by 115 majority. Rowland's majority in the district therefore, according to the above statement, is 6,894.—Observer.

Dr. J. J. Mott advised the Republicans not to vote the state judicial ticket after tyrannically refusing to call a State Convention. They positively refused to pay any heed to his demand and voted him entirely out of office, power and authority. It is a good thing for all concerned and as the election showed, the party is stronger without him and the offices than it is with both. It is a lesson worth learning, and one all have learned with pleasure. His associate Col. Humphrey was elected Mr. Simmons to Congress while Dr. Mott was working against the State ticket at his home. We watch these political contests and give our readers a word about them so as to show how essential it is to preserve our political liberties as a means to protect our religious liberties.—Star of Zion.

At the State fair just closed, held at Macon, Ga., Ellis Patterson, Esq., a colored man, took a special diploma for a double footed plow. Mr. Patterson is from Cartersville, Ga., and is said to be a genius. He has the plow patented. The negro is coming if he does come slow. It is better this than not at all.—Southern Recorder.

Some anxious persons wish to know what becomes of the 50 cents which they are required by law to pay annually as general fund. We think it well to answer. The answer will show at once that this 50 cents serves a more useful purpose than any 50 cent members of our church ever pay to any cause however meritorious. To the Bishops, including travelling expenses, 21 cents; Zion Wesley College 14 cts. the book concern 3 1/2 cts; the Star of Zion 3 cts; the worn out preachers and widows 3 cts; the Missionary work and other expenses 5 1/2 cts. Did any ever spend a half dollar which assisted in accomplishing so much? If not then pay your General Fund, prove yourself a loyal member of the connection, and thus assist in carrying on the well begun work of the connection.—Star of Zion.

Men have the power to sin, but no right. Men have the power to kill, but no right. Men have the power to drink the vile stuff that degrades the man and sinks the soul in utter degradation; but no right.—Southern Recorder.

Miss Victoria Richardson of the Charlotte Graded School has accepted a position in the A. M. E. Z. school of this city, and is now at her post. We are glad to welcome one so highly accomplished and hope our people will appreciate her rare qualities.—Gleaner.

Healthy and Unhealthy Occupations.

The first place among healthy occupations is held by ministers of religion, the death rate of this class being 353. Next we have gardeners and nurserymen, who stand at 309; farmers and graziers, 331; agricultural laborers, 701; schoolmasters, 718; the other trades which follow closely on these being grocers, coal merchants, paper manufacturers, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, ship builders and shipwrights and coal miners. The figures of mortality of all these trades is under 775. On the other side, that of unhealthy occupations, the first place is held by the trades which are concerned in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating drink, which, as is well known, entail many temptations to use it to excess. The list of unhealthy occupations is headed by the class of inn and hotel servants, whose figure mounts up to 2,205, being nearly double that of the medical profession. The highest place next to them are held by the general laborers and coster-mongers, hawkers and street sellers, the former class with 3,020, and the latter with 1,879. It is probable that both are largely made up of broken men, the wrecks of other callings. Inkeepers, publicans, spirit, wine and beer dealers follow with a figure of 1,521 and brewers with 1,361. In support of the belief that these high rates of mortality are chiefly due to alcoholic excess, Dr. Ogle has compared with them the mortality assigned to diseases of the liver, the organ through which such excess chiefly declares itself, and has obtained results which are entirely in harmony with those of the trade returns. Next to the trades concerned with alcohol, the highest rates are furnished by occupation, which involve the breathing of dust—other than coal dust—and especially of a sharp and gritty character, or largely composed of mineral matter; next, those in which there is exposure to lead poisoning, as with plumbers, painters and file-makers. The earthenware manufacturers, who are much exposed to mineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; filemakers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reach 1,667, and plumbers and painters, who are also exposed to lead, reach 1,302.—Chambers's Journal.

The Hat My Father Wore.

You are looking at what for twenty years' old hat which for twenty years he wore. His father before him sported it for twenty years or more. It was intended to hand it down straight on from sire to son. 'Twas mentioned so in my father's will. But I guess its day is done. You'll notice its shape is a little odd. But it was once in style. And its furry nap and color of gray would be sure to make you smile. 'Twas strongly built, and there isn't a dent to be seen in the rim or crown. Which shows the former proprietors had the habit of painting the town. It was never mashed over election news. Nor kicked in an opera hall. 'Twas gallantly doffed to the dames of old With a grace that would now appeal. Its years endear it. I will not wear it: For how would the people roar To see me airing the old gray hat My father and grandfather wore! —A. W. Bellam, in Detroit Free Press.

British Farm Laborers.

According to a return issued by the Agricultural Department of the English Privy Council, there are 766,713 male laborers, farm servants and cottagers in England, 40,896 in Wales, and 91,801 in Scotland. Of these, 103,819 in England, 798 in Wales and 542 in Scotland have allotments or field gardens, detached from cottages, of more than one quarter and under one acre. The holders of similar allotments extending from one to four acres number 4,237 in England, 823 in Wales, and 259 in Scotland. The garden allotments exceeding one-eighth of an acre number 230,316 in England, 27,152 in Wales, and 15,099 in Scotland. These figures do not include the allotments granted by the railway companies to their servants.

LEND A HAND.

Look up and not down; look out and not in; look forward and not back; and lend a hand. Look bravely up, dear soul, the gleaming stars Shine grandly out beyond the darkest night. The solemn, sobbing anthem's silver bars, Sweep down to us from Heaven's far, nameless height: They sky is upward; all the trees and flowers Hold up to God each dainty leaf and cup. The bees and birds fly forth to greet the hours: All earth is glad, dear brother, look thou up! Look onward! Here the dreamy sunbeams sleep. Within the rock-encircled, sheltered shore: There on the wide, wild sea dark tempests sweep. And wrecks go down in darkness evermore. Set thou a light upon the treacherous sand; Trim thou thy little lamp to pierce the gloom, And guide the sailor to his fatherland, The weary wanderer to the gates of Home. Look upward! onward! forward! in the race Which God doth give thee, thou mayest surely win: Toil for the nobler life and higher place, Work thou for God and man! Look out, not in! Send thou a helping hand to those who err: To all who need thy aid to stranger stand; Whoso loveth man is God's best worshiper, Forget thyself, my brother—lend a hand! —H. Alton Kinney, in Detroit Free Press.

THAT GRAHAM GIRL.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

Well, it's all over, and I'm glad of it. I never want to camp out again as long as I live! Nor does Cara Mu ray. To think what a lovely time we had anticipated, with Tracy Loring, the greatest catch of the year, along and only dear, fat stupid Mrs. Bartlett for our chaperon! There's no knowledge what might have happened had it not been for that Graham girl.

She was governess to Mrs. Bartlett's two children, Tom and Tiny (the worst young ones that ever breathed!) and Mrs. Bartlett said that she couldn't possibly think of trusting hers if and precious little ones into the wilderness unless her dear, faithful Helen went along. So, of course, Helen Graham went, and so did Tracy Loring, Cara Murray, the two Avery girls, and their collegian cousins, Max and Will Collins.

It was jolly fun at first, for during the journey on the cars Cara and I managed to secure Tracy ourselves. Then we went by stage ten miles to a lonely farmhouse—a "jumping-off place," as Tracy called it—where we were to get the guide and boat which were to take us up Lake Moosetie—dear me, I can never remember those horrid Indian names! But never mind. Tracy said that he didn't just like the looks of our guide, but Cara and I thought him real romantic. His name was Francisco, and he was kind of brigandish-looking, you know, with flashing, black eyes, swarthy complexion and long black hair. And he wore a sort of picturesque Indian costume. He talked a good deal to us girls, and rolled his eyes, and made up jingling bits of poetry that didn't sound bad. Tom Bartlett said that he smelled of onions and poor whisky, but Tom was always making horrid speeches. However, this time he wasn't so far out of the way, for, if you'll believe it, we hadn't been camping out a week before that rascally guide went off and left us in the midst of a howling wilderness fifteen miles from any living soul. Took our boat, too! And we had to make our own fires, and cook our own meals, and all that—things which we had paid him to do. Mrs. Bartlett is over forty, but she doesn't know a thing about housekeeping, for her husband's sister, who lives with her, sees to everything. As for the Avery girls, they never enter a kitchen, nor do Cara and I. Tracy Loring knew more than we did, for he could make delicious coffee as well as broil fish. It was late in the afternoon, with a cold rain and wind-storm coming on, so that it wouldn't have been prudent for the gentlemen to undertake the long tramp through the woods back to the Giles farmhouse. Cara and I felt wretchedly.

In the first place, we were conscious of looking drab and shabby—there's nothing like that to lower a woman's spirits. You see, we had no idea of what a wild, crazy place the woods were, and so we had worn dainty, flimsy suits, whose ruffles and puffs had soon become crushed and crumpled. The Avery girls were in the same fix. As for that Graham girl, she wore a plain navy blue flannel gown, with short skirt and loose waist. We had all made fun of her behind her back, but after a day or two we were forced to acknowledge that she looked far more dainty and tidy than ourselves. Anyhow, Tracy Loring's med to think her attractive, for, from the very first, he treated her as an equal with Cara and me, and she laughed and talked as freely as he did. She never seemed to mind the least hint, not even when one day Cara threw out some thing about "camping-out," knowing their place. At first, though, she drew herself up rather stately (as she has a fine figure!) and looked Cara straight in the eyes as if to find out what she meant, then a smile began dimpling the corners of her mouth, and she sang out mischievously:

When Adam delved and Eve span, 'twas then was the go down!

But to go back to the time the guide left us. We had to have supper, of course, but what and how? 'Twas got some fr.' said Tracy; "and I see that Max has picked some fine blackberries. I can make the coffee, but the rest of the culinary affairs I'll leave in the hands of you 'dies." "Oh, my goodness gracious!" groaned Mrs. Bartlett, "I never cooked a meal in all my life!" We all echoed her words, except Helen Graham, who jumped up briskly, saying: "I'll try to fix something, though it won't be very elaborate, for I fear our resources are limited. Pray, Mr. Loring, what does our larder contain?" "Umph! Mostly canned goods, I believe. There are some loaves of bread but," with a sniff, "they look kind of queer, Miss Graham—they have a pale, whity-green fuzz on the crust! It's very aesthetically-looking, to be sure—but it doesn't smell good!" "Heat and moisture have made it mould. Bread moulds easily in August weather, and this is over a week old. But I can cut off the crust and toast it inside."

"That'll be famous! I am so hungry I could eat my boots and most! It rejoices my soul to see a genuinely capable woman—one with a 'knack'! And now, Madam Cook, I'm at your service"—with a low bow. That Graham girl didn't seem a bit impressed—she only giggled, and said, coolly: "You may clean the fish, if you want to," and Tracy Loring, the heir of one of the richest and most aristocratic families, donned a big towel for an apron, and went out to obey her commands.

Then how she flew around! I rather liked to watch her. She had such a deft, handy way of doing things. Both Cara and I wished that our mothers had taught us something besides fancy things. She made a rousing fire in the fireplace—yes, we had taken up our quarters in a log-cabin that, years before, had been occupied by an old hermit trapper. It was a rough affair, but just then we were very thankful for it, considering the rain outside. It had turned off so chilly, too, that the fire felt very comfortable, and what with the light, warmth and good supper, we had a very pleasant time. The supper was especially nice. Helen had opened a couple of cans of chicken; this she warmed in the saucepan, and poured it over the toast, gravy and all. Then she wrapped potatoes in leaves and roasted them in the hot ashes; and these, with the fish, coffee and other things, made a meal fit for anybody. The gentlemen praised it up, at any rate, and they paid that Graham girl so many compliments that she actually blushed.

It made her look pretty, too, and the firelight falling on her brown hair gave it a golden sheen that we women couldn't help envying. "Now, what's to be done?" said young Max Collins, after supper. "Some of us have got to tramp back to Giles's farmhouse and get another boat."

"You and I will go, Max," said Tracy. "Will can stay here and guard the ladies. We'd better start to-morrow morning if it's clear."

The weather was fine next morning, and after an early breakfast (that Graham girl made splendid corn pone), Tracy and Max left us. Poor Mrs. Bartlett actually whimpered when they went off.

"It seemed so awful to be left alone—shipwrecked in the howling wilderness," she said.

"That's rather a mixed metaphor!" exclaimed Will; "and not at all complimentary to my bravery! You know, my dear madame, that I will defend you as long as I have a drop of blood left—if these warlike mosquitoes leave me any to begin with."

Will is a real nice fellow (lovely to lead the German with!) but he isn't cut out for a woodsman, and about the first thing he did, after Tracy and Max had gone, was to tumble down a rocky place—he was getting some rare ferns for Sadie Avery—and break his leg! Well, I don't know what we would have done had it not been for that Graham girl! We were all about ready to go into hysterics, but she spoke out sharp and commanding, and told us that we must help her. We somehow got Will into the house—it must have looked ridiculous to have seen us all pulling and tugging at him—and on a cot, and then Helen went to Mrs. Bartlett's medicine chest, which she had brought along on account of the children, and got him something that would keep him quiet and prevent fever. Then there was nothing else to do but wait until Tracy returned; and oh, it seemed ages.

In the meantime, something still more startling took place. We were all resting a bit after our exertions, when suddenly in rushed Tom and Tiny, saying in scared whispers, for Will was during, and we motioned them to be quiet:

"Oh, that Francisco has come back! He is coming up from the beach, and he acts awful queer! He wore at us, he did!"

"What! the guide?" said Mrs. Bartlett. "Girls, he must be drunk or crazy! What shall we do? Oh! what shall we do? Poor Will can't protect us!"

"And he hasn't been disturbed, either," said Helen Graham, decidedly. "We'll have to settle with Francisco ourselves. He does look crazy or drunk, going to the door and looking out at the rolling, waggering figure coming up the pebbly path."

"I never knew Helen Graham's eyes could flash so. "Stand back!" she cried. She raised her right hand from the folds of her gown, and I caught a steely gleam. It was Will's revolver!

Francisco didn't relish that little shining weapon being pointed at him, and he cringed dandy in like a whipped cur.

"Now," continued Helen, "you go and sit down under that tree!"

"Oh, I'll leave now—I won't trouble you any more," he mumbled.

"Do as I tell you—sit down!" said she, sharp and stern, and sit down he did; and then she mounted guard over him, the pistol still in her hand. We begged her to let him go.

"No," said she; "I can't trust him out of our sight! He's mean enough to do almost anything! He's got to stay here until the men come and he can be placed under the arm of the law."

So watch him she did all that long afternoon. It was dreary waiting. No until the silver sheen of the lake grew purple with the long mountain shadows did help come. Then, far down the lake, came a cheery "Yo—o—del!" and two boats swept around the curve.

Tracy, Max, Farmer Giles and a trusty guide were in them. And scarcely had all our excited explanations been given when, what do you suppose?—that Graham girl fainted away as white and limp as any ordinary woman! There was a good deal in the expression of Tracy's face as he caught her in his arms, and Cara and I felt that our chances were small—a man never looks like that unless he is holding the woman he wants for his wife!

Well, to return to the prose part: we somehow got back to civilization again. Poor Will was placed in the doctor's care, and the poetical but erratic Francisco was handed over to the tender mercies of the constable. As for ourselves—dear me! what with stones, mud, briars and underbrush, worms, snakes and mosquitoes, to say nothing of tipsy guides and plucky governesses—we, Cara and I, as I said before, never want to camp out again!—Frank Leslie's.

It was quite evident that he was drunk—unfortunately not enough to make him clumsy and helpless, but enough to be ugly and reckless. His boldness showed that he knew we were without a defender.

Helen Graham stepped outside the door, one hand hanging down in the folds of her gown. Her face was white, but otherwise she seemed calm.

"What do you want, Francisco?" she called out, in steady tones.

He swore like a pirate as he answered: "Now, look here, girl, you needn't put on airs! There ain't no one but that crippled dandy in there! I've come to have my just dues. The boss, Loring, wouldn't allow me any whisky, and so I went off and helped myself. Now, I've come back to settle up! You women have got to fork over what money and valuables you've got!" and with that the ugly brute drew a step nearer.

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A Nov. 1 Plan of Burial.

General M. C. Meigs, U. S. A., discusses the burial of the dead as follows in *Birding*: "I see that the question of disposing of the dead in towers of masonry or by cremation is being discussed. It is not new. Asiatic conquerors have built the living, after capture of their cities, into towers of masonry, using their bodies as blocks and generally the adobe mortars of the desert plains for cementing them together. One of them, built a pyramid or tower containing thousands of heads. The city of New York 1 ters in its Potter's Field about 4,000 bodies annually. Enrope rents a grave site for a term of years—a short term—and then d'sinters the bones and packs them in a catacomb or vault. Would not New York save money and treat its dead with greater respect if it embedded each body in a mass of Hognut River cement and sand (Jeton Coignet)? I find that one-half a cubic yard of Beton Coignet will completely enclose the body of a man of six feet stature, weighing 200 pounds. The average human being would require even less than thirteen cubic feet. At ruling prices such a sarcophagus would cost only two or three dollars. The new and date, a perpetual record and memorial of the dead, could be inscribed with 1' ter punches or stamps on the head or foot of the block or sarcophagus. Ranged alongside of each other in contact, and in two rows—that is, two blocks deep—these would build on any suitable plan a fourteen-foot wall, massive and strong enough to be carried to the height of 160 feet.

Thus would be erected, at the rate of nearly 2,000 cubic yards per year, a great temple of silence, a grand and everlasting monument to those who pass away. The designs for such a monument seem worthy of the study of our best architects. I might be a pyramid, a cone, a tower, or a long gallery like those of the Italian city of Bologna, the most beautiful cemetery in the world.

Many years ago the London *Architect* published the proposal of an architect to erect by slo degrees and in successive courses a solid pyramid in which, to sell, the dead of London would be enclosed. But this had no provision for memorial inscriptions or visible records.

A fourteen foot wall does this.

Two hundred bluebirds were found dead at the foot of an electric light at Bay City, Mich., one morning.